

Pickens Sentinel-Journal

Happenings of a Local and Personal Nature.

Born, on the 22d, to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Aiken, of Sunset, a fine boy.

Pickens has been exceedingly dull since the fair—everybody is at home picking cotton.

Avery Looper, who has been for the past year or more clerking for R. B. Roark, in Pickens, has accepted a position with the H. B. M. Co., also of Pickens.

The committee will offer for sale to the highest bidder on Saturday, the 3d day of October, at 10 o'clock a. m., the old Bethlehem church. L. R. Durham.

Court convenes Monday. Our friends and subscribers are urged to drop in and see us and leave some of the quid pro quo. We need it to run this business on.

Lost, between Pickens and the iron bridge, an ear-bob, with "G. P." engraved on it. Return to Mrs. M. N. Percival, Seneca, S. C. Ear-ring was in a little pocketbook.

R. A. Simmons, of Pickens, Route 5, is a corn-raiser from your heart, and made an exhibit of a stalk at the fair that is over 15 feet in length. It had several ears of corn on it.

D. B. Finney answered all questions pertaining to the different breeds of domestic and imported fowls, the birds of the air, their habits, etc., with the aid of a thoroughbred "fan" and the grace of a Chesterfield and the dignity of a lord-lieutenant.

There will be an all-day singing at Golden Creek church, near Hunter's mill, the first Sunday in October. All lovers of music are cordially invited to come, and bring song books—best of all, "Revival Echo." The singing will be conducted by Prof. P. C. Cartee. Don't forget to bring well-filled baskets. J. H. Hughes.

C. V. Fowles, ("Uncle Zeke") senior editor of the Forest City (N. C.) Herald, was prancing around Pickens last Monday. With his gold monocle suspended from his windpipe by a variegated chord and a horse-trader's hat tipped jauntily on the summit of those deep brown curls, he was the beau-ideal of a "sport," and circulated "among 'em" accordingly. Here's to you, "Zeke," long may you wave.

We of the up-country of South Carolina see in the Greenville News of a man by the name of Little, in Spartanburg, going to exile himself from South Carolina because he did not get his way in the election by distributing his vile literature throughout the state. He is so "little" that his room in South Carolina will not be missed by the good citizens of the state, as they aim for the majority to rule and not a few demagogues.

Most of the folks who are attending school at a distance have resumed their studies in the respective colleges. Among those gone from Pickens are Willie Harris to Wofford, Haggood Bruce and Clarence Bowen to S. C. M. A. Charleston, R. A. Allgood to College of Physicians and Surgeons at Atlanta and Sam B. Craig to a business college at Columbus, Ga. The many friends of these young people expect to hear good re-

ports, at all times, from them.

To all the friends who so kindly aided in "pounding" the preacher's family recently we desire to acknowledge our grateful appreciation. Such thoughtful consideration on the part of our friends means more than the supply of table comforts, however much needed. The heart often longs for expressions of love and appreciation, and such only inspires for better effort and service. May a Divine blessing rest upon you and yours. N. G. BALLINGER.

MARY BELLE SOLICE.—Monday evening, about sunset, the pure spirit of Mary Belle Solice took its flight to heaven from the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Solice, near Liberty. She was a young girl of great promise and endearment, and her death is a great blow to the family. The funeral was from her late home, Tuesday, conducted by Rev. P. F. Crawford, and the interment at Liberty cemetery. God comfort the bereaved.

"Not now, but in the coming years, it may be in the better land, We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, some time, we'll understand."

Great sorrow has come to the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Ferguson, of Catechee, in the death of little George. He died Sunday night, 13th inst., of membranous croup, on his 3d birthday. He was buried Tuesday at Camp Creek church. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. P. F. Crawford. George was a sweet little child, and his death was a great blow to his fond parents. Only a little boy, but so beautiful and bright and promising. **

Six Mile.

Here I come again, and will try to give a few dots from our little burg.

A great deal of cotton yet to pick; fodder-pulling over, and health excellent at this writing.

M. Mauldin visited in the little town of Catechee one day last week.

Born, on the 16th, unto Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Willimon, a fine girl.

Whit Garrett is putting up a nice dwelling on his lot near Six Mile church.

Miss Essie Findley, of the Dalton section, dined with her friend, Miss Sophia Mauldin, last Sunday.

Mrs. F. R. Hendricks and her charming daughter, Miss Nora, were the guests of Miss Mary Trotter last Sunday.

Little Lettie Willimon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Willimon, who has been very ill, we are glad to report is much better at this writing.

Bill Cox, of the Oconee side, visited at the home of Walter Willimon last week.

Mrs. R. W. Willimon has been very sick, but is much better now.

Mrs. Lula Arnold, of the Stewart section, spent a few days with her brother, Clayton Willimon, last week.

The new church at Six Mile is nearly completed—only a few more additions. When completed the building will present a fine appearance and an honor to its projectors.

The baptizing at Six Mile was well attended last Sunday.

Ha! ha! I heard some talk that wedding bells will ring some time soon in and around this vicinity. I truly hope they will think of your scribe.

"Bonnie Blue Eyes," I have woke up. They called me and told me that cotton had opened. O! trouble, trouble! Don't kill me, and I will live a long time. OLD RIDDLE.

Statement of the Condition OF THE Farmers Bank of Central,

Located at Central, S. C., at the close of business Sept. 11, 1908.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts.....	\$52,535.62
Overdrafts.....	415.55
Banking house.....	1,591.57
Furniture & fixtures.....	1,696.85
Other real estate.....	1,350.00
Due from banks and bankers.....	2,195.81
Currency.....	1,952.00
Gold.....	195.00
Silver, nickles and pennies.....	213.78
Checks & cash items.....	571.12
Total.....	\$62,717.30

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$25,000.00
Undivided profits.....	
less current expenses and taxes paid.....	1,564.96
Due to banks and bankers.....	1,385.88
Individual deposits subject to check.....	18,374.93
Time certificates.....	6,320.78
Cashier's checks.....	70.75
Bills payable.....	10,000.00
Total.....	\$62,717.30

State of South Carolina, } ss
County of Pickens.

Before me came H. J. McGee, cashier of the above-named bank, who, being duly sworn, says that the above and foregoing statement is a true condition of said bank, as shown by the books of said bank.

H. J. MCGEE.
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 16th day of September, 1908.

O. S. STEWART, N. P. S. C.
Correct—Attest:
W. V. CLAYTON,
J. T. LONG,
W. L. GASSAWAY,
Directors.

VERSE WORTH READING.

Busy.
Whist! O! Gabriel toots his trumpet
He will have to hump and blow
Like the dickens, or I'll never—
Never hear an' never know
That he's blowin' it to call me,
That my time on earth is done;
For I can't hear no one callin'
When I'm havin' lots o' fun.

I will keep right on a romping,
Laugh an' jump an' sing an' race,
Whist! O! Gabriel toots his trumpet
Till he's purple in the face,
An' I'll never stop to listen
'Mongst the rush an' rowdy-dow;
For I'll know an' a-carin'
He may be a-tootin' now!

The old world's so lastin' pretty
When the sap begins to climb,
And the children are a-callin'
And a-playin' all the time,
That I know that heaven can't be
Half so full o' joy and go;
So he'll have to blow his loudest
Or I'm apt to never know.
—Houston Post.

Talking Woman is Robust.
A man who figures has sent to the national bureau of statistics some facts of speech. He estimates that a woman talks eight times as much as a man; that she utters on an average 2,500 sentences a day, whereas only 300 come from him. He asserts that the woman who is a great talker is invariably robust and full chested.

Reverence.
In reverence is the chief joy and power of life; reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth; for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead—and marvelous in the powers that cannot die.—John Ruskin.

A Secret.
Little Mary was devotedly attached to a neighbor's cat and went every day to play with her. One day she returned home, her eyes big with excitement. "Why, mother," she exclaimed, "pussy has kittens, and I didn't even know she was married." —Lippincott's.

The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell.

Bladder troubles most always result from a derangement of the kidneys and a cure is obtained quickest by a proper treatment of the kidneys. If you are feeling badly you can make no mistake by taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and sold by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sized bottles. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail, Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Emptiness is not innocence.

Worship is independent of walls.

True religion is the root of all reform.

The heights never are scaled by the top-lifty.

Triumph is a matter of simply trying again.

The overtime sermon makes the slothful saint.

Polishing the head alone often paralyzes the heart.

You cannot fire the hearts of men by frozen sermons.

You lose sense as soon as you ignore all sentiment.

The church that lifts the fallen never need fear failure.

The ear ready for slander makes the lips ready to slay.

The greatest shame of all is to feel none at things unworthy.

The pulpit often mistakes the thunder for the shower of blessing.

A man is not sound in life because he has much sound on his lips.

You may climb fool's hill in an auto, but you will not reach the top any earlier.

The church will not make a new world until it is willing to mix with the old one.

The greater the self-consciousness of the fool the less his consciousness of his true self.—Chicago Tribune.

Effeminate.

Is the manly type of burglar dying out in this effeminate age? We trust not; but we note that some house-breakers who entered a well known confectionery establishment in the Strand the other night spent some of their time in consuming a quantity of chocolate, cream buns and assorted cakes.—Punch.

Irony of Life.

"It is sad to realize," said a woman, "that those who love us most usually please us least, while those who please us most don't love us at all."

Uses of Adversity.

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.—Bishop Hall.

If.

Many a man who loves his neighbor as himself would be in serious trouble if his wife knew it.

Clannish Mexican Indians.

The different Indian tribes in Mexico do not mingle much and seldom intermarry.

Wise Advice.

Mingle a little gale with your grave pursuits.—Horace.

Avariciousness.

Horace: The avaricious man is at ways in want.

Limit on Student Marriages.

The Peking government has decided to limit the marriage of students, and unless a student is a graduate of a middle school and past the age of 20 years he will not be permitted to get married.—Shanghai Mercury.

Reads Like Prophecy.

Lucian, some 17 centuries ago, relates how the inhabitants of the moon drank "air squeezed or compressed into a goblet," so that it formed a sort of dew—clearly suggesting liquid air.

The True Man.

Who is a true man? He who does the truth, and never holds a principle on which he is not prepared in any hour to risk the consequences of holding it.—Thomas Carlyle.

Hard Finish.

"I wonder," said Terence, exhibiting his phenomenally calloused pedal understandings to the critical gaze of the chiropodist, "if ye can do anything for a pair o' horny handed feet."

Uncle Allen.

"Speaking of the price of success," mused Uncle Allen Sparks, "I've noticed that 'getting ahead' means, as a general thing, getting a bald head."

Gentleness.

Gentleness is the great point to be obtained in the study of manners.—M. P. Willis.

No Gain in Being Ungenerous.

We get no good by being ungenerous, even to a book.—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

A Genius.

A genius is a man who can tend a furnace so that it will not send up gas.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Query.

When a man kisses his wife is it a souvenir spoon?

London's Milk Shops.

There are over 12,000 shops for the sale of milk in London.

Latin Proverb.

Better slip with the foot than with the tongue.

Unlucky.

"He ain't got nuthin' now but the land the mortgage was on, an' I reckon on a earthquake will come along an' swallow that before long," says a Billville philosopher. "Besides, he's been ridin' on the railroad even since he took out an accident policy, and the train ain't even cut off a leg!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Reward of the Industrious.

Be thankful every morning that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do our best, will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.—Charles Kingsley.

For the Alimony Brigade.

"There's a lot of talk in the papers," said Mr. Dumley, "about the necessity for uniform divorce laws." Wonder what they mean by that? "Probably," suggested Mrs. Dumley, "to compel divorced people to wear a uniform so other folks can recognize 'em."—Catholic Standard and Times.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

A man would seem awful rich if he could spend all the money his family spends for him.

Self-control is going down in the cellar to swear instead of doing it for the children.

When you hear from a woman that everybody has dropped another, it's a sign that the men haven't.

The proof that women have no sense of humor is they laugh at the jokes their husbands read to them.

There is nothing too ridiculous for a woman to believe about a man's good intentions if she thinks he gets them from her.—New York Press.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT WOMEN.

A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts.—George Elliot.

O woman! It is thou that causest the tempest to agitate mankind.—Rousseau.

Women may be pardoned for lack of common sense. The culprit in them is the heart.—Stahl.

The mistakes of a woman result almost always from her faith in the good and her confidence in the truth.—Balzac.